

Disk

Poem by Julian Smith

One day I woke up.
But it wasn't a rise from a sleep.
no.
Neither a catnap or nighttime doze came before it.
I would trace it more to a snap into certainty,
into a blissful world I had been nourished by the whole time,
but at this questionless moment it only came apparent.

I was quite young, and something felt different.
Outside the restraints of the bars of my crib,
Like an escaped convict once more breathing fresh air.
Up above me rose a tower,
carrying a rainbow of orderless colors lying in a parallel array.
While I had not known how to count at the time,
a number system wasn't needed to distinguish the limitless
Layers upon layers of shelving that bore these unknown prisms.

If only I had realized that these objects were not just for show,
Like a purposeless display behind a glass pane.
My father, a giant to me, took one down-
The plum red one had caught his eye.
He had split it open down the middle like a book,
and revealed an iridescent circle which gleamed like a star.

Off to the bug-eyed jukebox he went, draped with
Buttons upon buttons with words and shapes in no specific order,
though he knew which to push and when,
Like he was effortlessly decoding a blurring puzzle
Seconds of optimistic silence passed,
When out of nowhere, magic passed right through my ears.
I was instantly hooked.

Sixteen laborious years since,
And an answer to this addiction has yet to be revealed.
Sticks, strings and keys have come and gone like visitors,
Each more mature than their predecessors,
While equally as valuable to my heart's terms.

But it wasn't until now,
In the midst of a sickness,
Isolated under a moral contract,
That I truly notice the collection upon the shelf,
Which itself had been separated from human contact.
Forgotten.

Why must it be now,
After watching me pass by every day,
After watching me grow a little older each time,
That I finally halt my ignorance and notice its abandonment?

But now we've rejoiced.
What was once a subject in my first recollection of life,
The teacher who had once fueled my melodic taste,
Who bore such a diverse dialogue,
And sparked my desire to perform myself,
Is no longer buried in dust.